





# FOREIGN FRIENDSHIPS.

A COMEDY SKETCH.

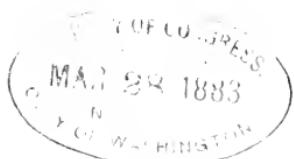
IN ONE SCENE.

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NEW YORK:  
1883.

*CAST OF CHARACTERS.*

HENRY BLUM,	<i>T. Sheridan.</i>
PATRICK O'DAY,	<i>T. Donnelly.</i>
DENIS CLANCY,	<i>T. Sheridan.</i>

TMPSG-000735

## FOREIGN FRIENDSHIPS.

SCENE—*Plain kitchen in private house. Enter Henry from D in L, laughing, and displaying a butcher's basket filled with vegetables.*

HENRY. Well, what he says is true: “To be happy, you must be on friendly terms with yourself.” I think he must be on friendly terms with my master—or his money. One dollar and twenty cents for what's there! Well, that's the most friendly terms I ever knew. Well, I like happiness, no matter what it costs, and so does the grocer. O, I was happy! (Lifting garlic) Dat's what keeps a good many mouths from coming together twiee. O, I was so happy! (Peeling potatoes) Now I'll take the jackets off the pride of Ireland, und make some linings. O, I was so happy! But three months ago I was not happy: then I had nothing to eat. But now I hold the key of the bread-basket; I could starve a family. Yes, three months ago I was not happy. Sometimes I have thoughts, and then I don't was happy. O, I love my country; I love dat beautiful place where all was happy! But my Missi- says we had no comfort there; but I had the best comfort life could have, and that was happiness. There was the beautiful fields and hills, and the river so calm at night that no such thing as ill-comfort could be thought of. Ah! the home of my love was that river Rhine; and there one night, as the moon shone on the river, and the bell in the tower tolled the hour of nine, I whispered words to my loved one—words that haunt me as the last words of my mother! It was to my dear Katerine I spoke. I said good-bye, and it was the last good-bye 'neath the old towering bell.

SONG.

THE TOWERING BELLS.

Flow on, sweet thoughts; gently move;  
Bring o'er my mem'ry scenes that I love.  
Hap'ly I'll sing, O hear the ring,  
Sweet time, dear chime, of the old tower bell!  
Now I've my childhood and my home back again;  
Green are the fields, and the birds sing the same.  
O joy! I'm mazy, happy, light, and merry!  
Fling out your chimes, and make the air swell!

CHORUS: Ring out, ye bells, and banish all sorrow;  
Fears of the morrow vanish in thy swells!  
(Repeat.)

O how the thoughts of scenes that are dear  
Soothe the expectant while in Stupor's care!  
Pictures are drawn of love's early morn;  
Sadly they vanish, and life's but a shell.  
Still I hear the ringing of the bell-throated wren  
'Neath the leafy arches in the sweet-scented glen;  
Merrily he's singing; glad, free bells are ringing:  
O let me linger beneath the towering bell!

CHORUS: Ring out, ye bells, &c. (Repeat.)

Bright shines the moon, still is the air;  
Summer's sweet beauties are wrapt in night's care.  
Dearer by far is the sight of the star  
That sweetens the music in love's truest cell:  
I see thee shining as I'm leaving thy sight—  
Gone! still she's beaming o'er my still and dark night.  
Now life's a pleasure, with thy vows to treasure:  
I see thee shining beneath the towering bell!

CHORUS: Ring out, ye bells, &c. (Repeat.)

HENRY. (*Putting vegetables in basket.*) Well, well, well! I was so happy that I forgot myself all the time. Now that servant-girl told me to have these ready at twelve o'clock. They say that memory is the soul of knowledge, but I think mine must be worn out. (*Tube sounds.*) There she is now—dat's Bridget! O she was so cute! She does dat at me (*making motion with right hand as if to tap lightly*)—“Ill strike you”; und I do dat at her (*repeating motion*). She flirts at me when I'm in the garden

and she is at the washtub. (*Tube sounds.*) O dat's her—I can tell the sound of her lungs. Well, Bridget, what is it?

BRIDGET. (*Supposed to be answering.*) I don't want you to call me Bridget. Call me Delia.

HENRY. You don't want me to call you Bridget. Call you Delia. Why will I call you Delia?

BRIDGET. Delia is short.

HENRY. Delia is short! (*Aside*) Why, she is as broad as she can be! (*To Bridget*) Well, I'll call you Delia for short.

BRIDGET. And I'll call you Hen for short.

HENRY. And you'll call me Hen for short—no, you wont, nor for long neither! (*Aside*) By-and-by she'll want to make a rooster of me! (*Tube sounds.*) Well—

BRIDGET. There is some one coming down to see you.

HENRY. Some one coming down to see me—what for?

BRIDGET. I don't know. He is some Irish friend of yours.

HENRY. Some Irish friend of mine? Why, I never had an Irish friend in the world except yourself!

BRIDGET. I'll smack your face!

HENRY. You'll smack my face? I'll smack your mouth; put it up till I try. (*Makes a smack kiss through tube.*) I'm not fooling; you can have that all for yourself.

BRIDGET. He is some Irish greenhorn who wants to see the butler.

(Enter greenhorn, *Patrick O'Day*.)

HENRY. Some Irish greenhorn who wants to see the butler? I don't think I can mix in with the Irish; so good-bye. (*Pat thinks the good-bye is meant for him, and turns to go out.*) A remnant from the Irish wind! Well, you want to see me?

PAT. I want to see the butler.

HENRY. That's me.

PAT. I see they wanted a coach drove down here; so I—

HENRY. No, we don't want no coach drove down here.

PAT. O, I thought you did.

HENRY. No.

PAT. Well, I saw in the newspapers that a gentleman wanted a coachman; but I see I haven't found the gentleman.

HENRY. Did it say "Wanted a gentleman to drive a coach"?

PAT. No, but I thought one wouldn't do him any harm; so I dropped down.

HENRY. Is dat so? You did not leave anything behind—did you?

PAT. Don't you know ?

HENRY. How do I know ?

PAT. Well, there was some one trying to be up to me, but I think he is left behind.

HENRY. Where did you come from ?

PAT. I came from a place called Cole Island, in the Province of Ulster, in the County Tyrone, in the North of Ireland.

HENRY. I don't want to know your sisters, cousins, and aunts. I want to know where you came from now ?

PAT. I was just hovering around the neighborhood, looking for a friend of mine named Claney ; so I saw a newspaper stuck half way under a door—I suppose some one was trying to kick it out—and I looked in it and saw the place.

HENRY. Oh-h ! What was the number of the place ?

PAT. 104 ; call in the basement to Butler.

HENRY. Perhaps the master wants a coachman, but he didn't tell me about it. I will go and see. (*Henry walks toward tube to call up.*)

PAT. Yes, I wish you would : for I'm a poor emigrant, without home or friends—a stranger to everybody.

HENRY. (*Aside*) I was a poor emigrant myself. (*Aloud*) A stranger in the city !

PAT. A stranger to every one.

HENRY. Come, I will be your friend ! (*Takes him by the hand.*) Henry Blum wont see you want for anything.

PAT. You are a good man. Think if you were an emigrant alone in a strange city, without home or friends !

HENRY. I was an emigrant myself, and I know what it is to be without a friend. I'll be your friend, and do all I can for you.

PAT. Then I'll be your friend as long as I live, and the devil an Italian will come between us !

HENRY. Who was the Clancy you was looking for ?

PAT. He was an old friend of mine at home. I was told he lived in the neighborhood of Thirty-fourth street, and—

HENRY. I know a Denis Claney. What does he do ?

PAT. The devil a know I know ! But he was a Dublin coachman at home, and the devil only knows what he was not !

HENRY. Well, if it is the same man, he is a good fellow.

PAT. Good fellow ?—well, the devil a better.

HENRY. A good judge of whiskey.

PAT. (*Laughing.*) Ah ! and he would give you half of what he had, too.

HENRY. And more than his own, too.

PAT. The half of anybody's, if he only had the whole himself!

HENRY. Wait till I tell you. (*Laughs.*) His master has the best stock of liquors you could find. My master don't have any, nor would not allow any in the house. But Clancy—he takes a bottle over under his coat, and we sit down to a sociable glass. Of course we don't leave any around for any one to see, because—

PAT. Of course not.

HENRY. And Bridget—dat's Delia—she never tells any one. But at a regular sociable, where we have two bottles, it generally tells on her.

PAT. I see! You mean she speaks whiskey in every word she says?

HENRY. Yes. I will go down and see master (*moves for door*), and see what he will say. First, I will go over and tell Clancy you are here.

PAT. O do that anyhow.

HENRY. O what is your name?

PAT. Patrick O'Day.

HENRY. Patrick O'Day?

PAT. Yes, but call me simple Patrick.

HENRY. (*Going out of door.*) All right, Simple Patrick. (*Exit Henry.*)

PAT. Arrah, that's the best sod of a Dutchman I ever saw! Faith if I haven't found Denis Clancy—I've found his hospitality. I'm in a nice state to present myself for a coachman! I'm not the same looking man I was when I was a Dublin coachman. Then I had my fine silken hat and my beautiful corduroy breeches. But if I've not my hat and breeches, I have still my neat little pair of brogans, that skipped many a time over the place of my birth.

#### SONG.

##### SWEET RIVER ERIN, ADIEU!

Sweet River Erin! I've a memory therein—

Sweetest of life's dearest joy!

It affords me great pleasure its image to treasure,

And look back when I was a boy.

On its shores, night and day, I'd sing my fond lay,

And the linnet would chime in the swell;

The music still haunts me, but the place I'll ne'er see:

So, sweet River Erin, farewell!

**CHORUS:** Youth's brightest days are oft sung in praise;  
Its sorrows you fain would subdue.  
Still youth's love, you'll find, in old age haunts the mind :  
So, sweet River Erin, adieu !

There nests in my heart a jewel apart  
From the jewels I have treasured there;  
And oft of an evening, when the bright moon is beaming,  
Her sweet face seems ever more dear.  
Ah ! hard is the strife from the love of your life,  
Though the hearts beat as one ever true;  
My Eternal Love rests only above :  
So, sweet River Erin, adieu !

**CHORUS:** Youth's brightest days, &c.

'Neath the beautiful trees that swung with the breeze,  
And kissed the sweet waters so clear,  
For my earthly heaven where her fond love was given,  
My once joyous eyes fill with tears—  
There we listened, as doves, to confessions of love  
From hearts that were never more true.  
Now joy is passed ; I kissed there my last :  
So, sweet River Erin, adieu !

**CHORUS:** Youth's brightest days, &c.

**PAT.** (*Walks to right of table, and takes up onion.*) Faith, the Dutchman has a fine thing of it here! (*Showing onion*) Plenty of fruit! (*Turning to closet, sees and takes bottle*) What is this? Ha, ha ! he don't keep any in the house, eh ? But you keep it in the closet ! Sure it wont be going out of the house if I take a drop, and it will be the first drop of American blood that's in me ! (*Drinks from bottle*) O what have I drank ! I'm poisoned ! It's kerosene oil ! (*Tube sounds*) What the devil is that ? (*Goes over to speak through it ; all the while it is blowing*) All right ! all right ! I suppose that's Bridget. She has an elegant pair of lungs. I'll spark her now (*he blows through tube*). Well, she is blathering away up there, but she can't hear me. (*He blows vigorously*) Well, I guess she heard me now. (*Puts his ear to tube*) She says she hears nothing ! Faith, I'm blowing away at the devil's own rate, and I'll swear I'm somebody ! If she puts her face to it, either I or the kerosene will blow her down. (*Blows till he becomes thirsty*) Begob I'm as dry as a fish ! (*Crosses over to*

*sink for water) I'll have to wet my palate before I blow any longer. (Drinks) O I am scalded—hot water! O what two foes I have in me now! The oil has the upper hand, and I feel as if I could put it back in the bottle!*

HENRY. (*Outside.*) Paddy!

PAT. Well? (*Wondering where he is.*)

HENRY. Paddy!

PAT. Where the devil is the Dutchman?

HENRY. Simple Patrick, come here; I want to pick a bone with you.

PAT. Never mind, I'm not hungry. Simple Patrick, eh? and Paddy! Faith the Dutchman has a sweet voice, but I'll teach him to respect the name more, and not to have it in shtrauleens. I'll have him to put the full stress on the heroic name of Patrick! (*Exit.*)

(*Denis Clancy, from without, opens window.*)

DENIS. Hello, Patrick O'Day! Where the devil is the man? Ha, ha! Henry is playing more of his tricks, eh? O, then, I'll be even with him for this! I'll go around and give him some trouble. (*Closes shutters.*)

(*Clancy on his way around meets Pat in the hall, and both can be heard congratulating each other coming in. Enter both dressed as coachmen.*)

DENIS. Well, I never was so much surprised in my life! Faith, I didn't believe Henry.

PAT. O how I'll surprise the girls when they see me! How do I look?

DENIS. Faith, you look as much like a citizen as I do. Sure I landed on the 27th of April, and I had my papers out the 5th of the same month.

PAT. What year did you come over in? Let—me—see.

DENIS. Citizens' year—'68.

PAT. Your heart must have been in America long before you left Ireland?

DENIS. Sure you know Mary came over before I did, and little of my heart was left behind, although your sister Mary was deadly in love with me before I left.

PAT. And she is breaking her heart ever since with joy—

DENIS. Sure I know. Tell me how is Pat O'Toole. I haven't heard from him in a long time.

PAT. O he is the same old Pat, only older.

DENIS. Takes a drop of the old stuff yet, I suppose ?

PAT. Yes, and flakes the boys the same as ever.

DENIS. O I'll never forget him at the cock-fight at McCormack's !

PAT. Then often I heard of the tricks of Paddy.

DENIS. O I'll never forget it ! (*Laughs.*)

PAT. Tell me about that, Denis.

DENIS. Paddy had a drop of the creature in him, and of course they wouldn't let him in ; and Paddy Monaghan and big Phil Casey were at the door to keep him out. (*Laughs.*)

PAT. Go on with your story, Denis.

DENIS. But Paddy hearing the fighting going on inside, made one bounce for the door, and tossed Paddy Monaghan on the broad of his back ! But Phil Casey held him, and said "If you get in here, you are a better man than I !" And just then the cocks fastened on each other, and the crowd roared ; and as hunger knows no law—be heavens ! Paddy bit his ear off, and in he walked !

PAT. And in he walked ?

DENIS. And in he walked !

PAT. Then often I heard of him.

DENIS. (*Laughing.*) Ha ! ha ! It was the greatest fight I ever saw !

PAT. It's a wonder to me they didn't try and reform him.

DENIS. Reform him ! why, they might as well try and keep Ball Quinn from talking about people as to take the twist out of his legs !

PAT. That's so ; and a comical twist they were—for if he ever got the hip-lock on a man, he was sure to bring him down.

DENIS. (*Takes bottle, and pours some in glass.*) Do you take this, Pat ?

PAT. (*Aside*) No, but it's taking to me, I'm afraid. (*Aloud*) Yes, Denis, I'm taking to it.

DENIS. Then here, take it, and let me drink your health.

PAT. (*Taking glass.*) No, first let me drink yours : for the glass is never well taken without a toast from the receiver.

DENIS. I acquiesce.

PAT. Here is that the lover of this may never mistake kerosene for it !

DENIS. And here is health and prosperity to the united coachmen.

(*MUSIC.*)

SONG.

THE COACHMEN.

Two coachmen of the upper ten  
Are yours respectfully ;  
Classified, we're not denied  
The élite society ;  
Fashioned out by the *beau monde*,  
So terse in every act,  
That the mounted squad give a passing nod,  
We're just so matter-of-fact.

CHORUS : Dong goes the bell !  
We're always in our places ;  
Highly envied is the seat  
Our elegant form graces.  
Snap goes the whip,  
Away goes the pacers ;  
Don't you bow, for we've no time now—  
It's highly impolite !

We have a pleasant duty,  
Which is envied by the swells—  
We wait upon Miss Maude and Blanche,  
Society's famed bells ;  
We nobly play the gallant  
When to mount we take her shoe ;  
The feeling caused !—we should have paused—  
That's strictly *entre nous*.

CHORUS : Dong goes the bell, &c.

When out upon the avenue,  
Most every Sunday eve,  
The ladies sigh as we go by—  
For one sweet glance they grieve ;  
Depict our salutations  
To the servants in the flats.  
When duty's done, like the Number One,  
We raise our bell-top hats.

CHORUS : Dong goes the bell, &c.





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